Farragut Leaped to Fame by Capturing His Boyhood Home, New Orleans

How Union Fleet, in Two Columns, Ran Gantlet of Heavy Batteries Forms a Thrilling Story.

THE capture of New Orleans and its defensive works was accomplished so expeditiously and with such small loss that one who reads about the exploit fifty years afterward is in danger of thinking of it as an easy task and misjudging its rank as a military feat. The man who can perform deeds of complicated character so artistically and comprehensively that they seem to have been accomplished out of hand has in his make-up some of that mysterious gift of the gods called genius.

It was on April 25, 1862, that the Crescent City fell into the hands of Farragut, a Union man, who had lived in that city as a boy nearly sixty years before, but whose capacities as a naval officer up to this time had been inadequately rated. This victory served to seal up the great interior transportation route of the South and was achieved by means of one of the most picturesque and spectacular conflicts of the war.

The battle which preceded the arrival of Farragut's fleet at the levee of the city was a great pyrotechnic display, for the passage of the forts took place in the dead of night and was accomplished by the star gemmed flight of hundreds of shells, the flashing of scores of guns and the illumination of the river by burning vessels and fire rafts carrying thousands of pine knots.

NEW ORLEANS FORTIFICATIONS.

The capture of New Orleans was looked upon as of great importance, for the control of this city and the outlet of the Mississippi would go a great way toward breaking the backbone of the Confederacy. From the early days of the war the mouths of the Father of Waters had been blockaded. The approaches by water were all protected by fortifications, the chief of which were Forts Jackson and St. Philip, situated on either side of the river, about seventy-five miles below the city and about twenty-five above the outlets in the delta through which the yellow floods of the river poured into the blue waters of the Gulf. These works were among those of a substantial kind which had been erected by the federal government at the entrance to many of the harbors of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. They were of brick and stone, and the first named had bomb proofs and guns in casemates. In front of Fort Jackson also was a water battery. The total armament of this fort was seventy-four guns, while that of Fort St. Philip was fifty-two guns. The total garrison of the two fortifications was approximately eleven hundred men.

For the further protection of the city and the mouth of the river, the Confederates had prepared a fleet of vessels numbering more than a dozen, nine of which were fast tugboats fitted with iron plates on their bows for ramming purposes. Two were ironclads. One of the latter, the Louisiana, was built on the lines of the Merrimac and much was expected of her. A barrier consisting of log rafts and dismasted schooners, anchored at intervals and connected by strong chains, was placed below the forts.

It was no secret at New Orleans that an expedition was being prepared to attempt an entrance of the Mississippi. It was being organized along lines suggested by the experience of Commander David P. Porter, of the blockading squadron off the mouths of the Mississippi, and was to consist of a fleet of mortar boats, an idea urged by Porter; a fleet of naval vessels and a detachment of troops. The original proposition of the Navy Department was that of running past the forts and capturing the city, when it was believed that with communication cut off the forts below must fall. Porter approved of this plan, but in addition proposed the flotilla of mortar boats, whose duty was to be that of bombarding the forts and reducing them to submission before the naval vessels ascended the river. The fleet as completed consisted of seventeen war vessels, headed by the Hartford, made famous as Farragut's flagship, divided into two divisions and carrying 166 guns and 26 howitzers, and a mortar division comprising seven gunboats and nineteen mortar schooners, carrying each one mortar and two guns, the whole armament being 267 guns, and commanded by Commander Porter. There were also 10,000 troops under General Benjamin F. Butler.

It has been recorded by an authority that probably in few instances have the will and the power of a fleet been so thoroughly wrapped up in the personality of the commander as in this one. Farragut, himself resolved to die in the attempt if occasion required, and acting upon his maxim, "The rest depends upon myself," left nothing undone that could in any degree contribute to the success of the project. Throughout the fleet he stimulated zeal and inspired confidence and loyalty. When he sailed away from Hampton Roads on February 3 on his beautiful and speedy flagship Hartford he and his men were ready to demonstrate that a wooden vessel was not yet antiquated and that they would sacrifice their lives gladly if need be in order to win.

About the middle of April, the difficulties of getting the deep draft war vessels over the bar having at last been solved, Farragut's fleet lay within striking distance of the forts. The mortar boats took up their places around a bend from the forts at a point where they were sheltered by woods. The tops of the masts were made to appear like tree tops by means of branches which were fastened to them. Porter's plan was to have an opportunity to prove its efficacy. With great fury the mortar boats began their work. Provided with tens of thousands of bombs, they threw them at the rate of hundreds an hour into Fort Jackson. This iron hail drove the men into the casemates and bombproofs, destroyed the inflammable works and cracked some of the walls. While it prevented the serving of the guns it, however, did not disable them nor kill the garrison. For six days this pyrotechnic display was continued, more than ten thousand bombs being thrown up from the mouths of the mighty mortars, and still there was no request for terms of surrender. It began to look as if the mortars could play until kingdom come before they would force a surrender.

On the fifth day of the bombardment Farragut decided to adopt the first plan—that of attempting the passage of the forts without waiting for them to surrender. Prior to this time two gunboats had been sent up the river to cut away the barrier. They had succeeded in making an opening sufficiently wide to enable the vessels to pass through. It was decided to make the attempt to get above the forts in the darkness of the early hours of April 24.

The order was given for all the vessels to get into line at 2 o'clock that morning, the first division, or "Column of the Red," to be headed by the gunboat Cayuga, with Captain Bailey in command, and the second, or "Column of the Blue," made up of heavier vessels, to be led by the Hartford, carrying Farragut. It was a clear, still night, the thin crescent of the waning moon and the stars furnishing the only illumination. The current of the river was flowing at a rate of three and a half miles an hour. In the calm air the clank of the chains passing through the hawse holes as the anchors rose from the muddy bottom floated across the water with a distinctness that seemed, to the tense feelings of the officers and men, preternaturally noisy, so loud, in fact, that the enemy could not fail to be apprised of the movement.

The "Column of the Red" was to follow the east bank and attack Fort St. Philip, while the "Column of the Blue" was to proceed up the west side opposite Fort Jackson. The Confederates within the forts were in readiness for the fleet, for something in the air told them that Farragut would make an attack that night.

As the vessels passed through the breach in the barrier tongues of fire flashed from the forts. The boats could not return the compliment at the distance, but as they came abreast they slackened their speed and discharged broadsides of grape and canister, which quickly cleared the parapets. Porter's mortar boats threw up bomb after bomb with the object of silencing the batteries while the vsesels were passing. The scene was a weird and beautiful one.

"I do not believe there ever was a grander spectacle witnessed before in the world than that displayed during the great artillery duel which followed," wrote Captain W. B. Robertson, who commanded the water battery in front of Fort Jackson. "The mortar shells shot upward from the mortar boats, rushed to the apexes of their flight, flashing the lights of their fuses as they revolved, paused an instant, and then descended upon our works like hundreds of meteors or burst in midair, hurling their jagged fragments in every direction. The guns on both sides kept up a continual roar for nearly an hour, without a moment's intermission, and produced a shimmering illumination, which, though beautiful and grand, was illusive in its effect upon the eye and made it impossible to judge accurately of the distance of the moving vessels from us; and this fact, taken in conjunction with their rapid and constant change of position as they sped up the river, rendered it very difficult to hit them with our projectiles."

The horde of gunboats and rams lay above. The vessels, as they passed the forts, found themselves face to face with this swarm of butting, stinging craft. In the darkness and smoke, fitfully illuminated by the flash of guns, it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. It became guerilla warfare, and no clear cut narrative can be presented of this part of the fight. Captain Bailey's division was the first to encounter the swarm of vessels, for it was the first to pass the forts. The Confederate vessels ran back and forth, trying to hit whenever and wherever they saw a chance, the whaleback of the curious ram Manassas, named for the early Confederate victory at Bull Run, slipping into sight out of the darkness and smoke, ramming and then disappearing again in the blanket.

There was a race between the Confederate ram Governor Moore and the speedy Union gunboat Varuna, the latter, owing to her superior speed, having quickly threaded the enemy's fleet.

PURSUIT OF THE VARUNA.

"Suddenly I saw between my vessel and the burning Quitman (Confederate), close to us on the west bank, a large two-masted steamer rushing upstream like a racer, belching 'black smoke,' firing on each burning vessel as she passed and flying her distinguishing white light at the masthead and red light at the peak," wrote Captain Beverley Kennon, commander of the Governor Moore. "I thought of General Lovell (the Confederate commander of the forces, stationed at New Orleans, who was abandoning the city), not far ahead of her on board the passenger steamer Doubloon, and quickly made a movement to follow this stranger in the hope of being able to delay or destroy her. Besides, the four or even more large ships so close to us, but obscured from view, needed but a little more room and one good chance and a fair view of us quickly to annihilate my old 'tinder box' of a ship. I therefore slipped out of the smoke and darkness around us after the advancing stranger, which proved to be the Varuna."

At first it was a stern chase, but the decreasing pressure in the boilers of the Varuna began to tell, and in the course of time the Moore drew up on the Varuna. The ram Stonewall Jackson, the Chalmette camp and the gunboat Jackson were all in the neighborhood, and the Moore indicated her presence and need for help by opening fire on the Varuna at a distance of only one hundred yards. The expected aid did not come.

"Then I saw we had to fight the Varuna alone," says Captain Kennon of the Moore. "On finding our bow gun useless because it was mounted too far abaft the knightheads to admit of sufficient depression to hull the enemy, then close under our bows, and noting that every shell from the enemy struck us fair, raking the decks, killing former wounded and well men and wounding others, I realized that something had to be done, and that quickly. I then depressed the bow gun to a point inside our bow and fired it, hoping to throw its shell into the engine room or boiler of the chase. It went through our deck all right, but struck the hawse pipe, was deflected and passed through the Varuna's smokestack. It was soon fired again through this hole in our bows the shell striking the Varuna's pivot gun, where it broke or burst and killed and wounded several men. Until we had finished reloading the Varuna was undecided what to do, when suddenly and to my surprise she ported her helm."

The Moore took advantage of this opportunity, and under cover of the smoke rammed the Varuna near the starboard gangway. The engines of the latter stopped. Again the More rammed. The Varuna steered for the shore, near which the Stonewall Jackson, coming up, also rammed her. She then sank, and the Jackson, continuing up the river, was herself beached, set afire and deserted.

While the "Column of the Red" was flying up the river as rapidly as the engines of the type of the 60's could force a boat against a three and one-half-mile current, "hitting a head" whenever one of the Confederate gunboats showed herself in the sufficient distinctness to be recognized in the smoke beclouded night as an enemy, the "Column of Blue," with the Hartford leading, was pushing its way past Fort Jackson on the other side of the river. Belching flaming broadsides, the vessels slipped along, splitting the current on their northward way. Their journey was not to be uneventful. The three vessels bringing up the rear did not get past the forts at all, and returned to Porter's mortar flotilla below, one with machinery disabled.

The Brooklyn, one of the larger vessels, had a trying time passing the barrier, becoming entangled in the mesh of hulks and rafts. Then the little whalebacked ram Manassas, which had slipped by the first column, after ramming the Mississippi, her furnaces crammed with resin, turned on her, and with full engine power smashed into her side. The result was a considerable hole, whose dimensions were not revealed until the coal bunkers were emptied. A large Confederate steamer then approached, but accomplished little, for Captain Craven of the Brooklyn opened on her with a full broadside at a distance of only fifty or sixty yards. The enemy burst into flame almost instantaneously.

FARRAGUT'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Farragut had been persuaded to head the second division instead of the first, which he had desired to lead, by the plea of his fellow officers that the commander of the expedition should jeopardize himself as little as possible, for its success depended upon him. It turned out that the Hartford was to have an experience that sent the hearts of all within sight of her into their throats. As the beautiful vessel, her spars rising gracefully into the shroud of smoke, swept past Fort St. Philip one of the fire rafts which the Confederates from time to time had been setting adrift swung in her direction. The others had been skilfully pushed or pulled aside, where they could do no harm by means of an efficient fire brigade, but this one was not left to the will of the current and the Union vessels. It was guided by a tug. The Hartford swung aside to avoid the flaming pile of pine, and in a moment she was aground. The men guiding the fortunes of the menacing fire raft saw their opportunity and boldly pushed it against the side of Farragut's ship. In an instant flames leaped up through the rigging, and the whole side seemed to be in flames. "My God!" exclaimed Farragut, in the intensity of his feelings, "is it to end in this way?" By good fortune the blaze was only burning paint, and a well directed stream of water from the fire hose quenched it. At that moment also the engines were able to back her out of her perilous position, and she continued up the river, firing upon Fort St. Philip and silencing the guns as she went.

The feeble light of the new day now began to light up the eastern horizon, and the major part of the Union fleet had succeeded in passing the forts in good condition. The shores of the river were strewn with the wrecks of the Confederate vessels and one Union craft, flame and smoke rising from some of them. The Stonewall Jackson, after ramming the sinking Varuna, had been beached and destroyed by her officers thirteen miles north of the forts. The Governor Moore, after her encounter with the Varuna, was run ashore and set on fire by the hand of her commander. The Quitman and another gunboat and the telegraph steamer Star were fired on the report of the first gun. The Resolute and another ram were disabled and abandoned by their crews. The tug Bell Algerine was run over and sunk by the Governor Moore. The tug Mosher, while manœuvring the fire raft against the side of the Hartford, was destroyed. The tug Music and three other rams were set on fire and burned. The running fight was ended at daybreak, when the Manassas was discovered by the Union fleet coming up the river. The Mississippi turned back and attacked her. She was disabled and drifted below the forts, where she blew up and sank.

The Union fleet now anchored at the quarantine station six miles above the forts, every one well satisfied with the results of the one and one-half hours' fight. Only twenty-four men had been killed and eighty-six wounded on the federal fleet.

NEW ORLEANS ABANDONED.

About 10 o'clock the next morning the fleet was opposite the Chalmette battery, three miles below New Orleans. This was silenced in ten minutes and, steaming slowly, the vessels approached the city, with its 150,000 helpless inhabitants, facing starvation, with only eighteen days' supply of food. General Lovell, the Confederate commander, withdrew his three thousand troops and set fire to millions of dollars' worth of shipping, cotton, coal and timber. The uncompleted ironclad Mississippi, from which so much had been expected, was included in the wholesale bonfire.

At noon, the city having been abandoned by the military garrison, Farragut sent Captain Bailey and another officer to the Mayor to demand a surrender. Unaccompanied by an escort, they had a trying time performing their duty. They were hooted and insulted by the street rabble, who cheered for Jefferson Davis and shouted threats of violence. Upon reaching the City Hall, where they presented their demands, they were met by complex conditions, General Lovell refusing to surrender and the Mayor asserting that he had no military authority to do so.

The following day Farragut, by letter addressed to the Mayor, insisted on "the unqualified surrender of the city . . . and that the emblem of sovereignty of the United States be hoisted over the City Hall, mint and custom house by meridian this day." The Mayor evaded a direct answer, but practically surrendered the city in a reply that afternoon. Accordingly the next morning, by order of Farragut, a flag was hoisted over the mint, a federal building, under the guns of the Pensacola. When the people of the city went to church—for it was Sunday—they saw the Stars and Stripes floating once more against the sky. They were irritated, and while the ship's crew was at prayers four men ascended to the roof, cut the halyards and rushed to the street with their trophy, where it was dragged through the streets and torn to pieces. The Mayor did nothing to restrain the men, and on Monday the newspapers proudly printed the names of those who had committed this serious military crime. When General Benjamin Butler later became the military governor of the city the leader was tried and hanged from the window of the building for the act.

IN POSSESSION OF THE CITY.

There was more correspondence of an equivocal character on the part of the Mayor, who was following the instructions of Jefferson Davis in his actions and attitude, and Farragut announced that under certain circumstances he would bombard the city, and ordered that the women and children be removed. The Mayor, acting on his Richmond orders, still hung off, but the next day, which was Tuesday, April 29, when the Union officer sent a strong guard of marines with howitzers and replaced the Confederate flags with those of the Union they remained where they were raised.

In the mean time the forts down the river were still in the hands of Confederates and divided the Union naval forces. Two of the three parts of the programme had been carried out. The floating mortar batteries had played their fiery streams upon the Confederate works and the Union fleet had passed the forts in safety. The third was the introduction of the Union troops into the city and the ultimate capture of the forts by the cutting of their communications. The Confederate commander of the forts still refused to surrender his works, and the ironclad Louisiana, which for lack of time and energy had not been fully prepared for the emergency, was still in a position to do damage. Porter's fleet was not safe.

Nevertheless, the landing of Butler's troops at quarantine, above the forts, was begun. They were taken around through the waterways and marshes bordering the levees, and thus placed safely above the forts. Although the garrisons of the forts had little to do except make repairs since the fleet had passed up, they were not in a contented frame of mind, for they had learned of the capture of New Orleans and saw no possibility of escape. They could see the boats carrying Butler's troops working their way up the bays and bayous in the rear. So, on the 26th, while their officers were hesitating over the acceptance of an invitation from Porter to surrender on liberal terms, the men were planning to act for themselves. At midnight of the following day a large number at Fort Jackson mutinied, seized the guards, turned the field pieces protecting the gates, began spiking the guns and fired on the officers when they appeared on the parapets to quell the insurgent movement. About half the men deserted, taking their arms with them, and surrendered to Butler's pickets.

SURRENDERING THE FORTS.

There was nothing for the officers to do except surrender, and the following forenoon they accepted Porter's terms. While the papers were being signed in the cabin of the Harriet Lane the whole party of officers, both Confederate and Union, was threatened with annihilation. The note of acceptance of Porter's terms had stated that the officers of the fort "had no control over the vessels afloat." It was thought, however, that the flag of truce then flying would protect the vessel while the negotiations were in progress. Suddenly the discussion at the cabin table was broken into by the announcement that the Confederate ironclad Louisiana, which had previously been anchored above Fort St. Philip to serve as a floating battery, her engines not yet being in running order, had been fired and cut adrift, and was floating down toward the other ships. Porter, in describing the incident afterward, says that he remarked to the Confederate officers: "This is sharp practice, but if you can stand the explosion when it comes we can. We will go on and finish the capitulation." Which they did after the Confederates had asserted their innocence, having no control over the vessels. The party was saved, however, as the Louisiana exploded while opposite Fort St. Philip at a safe distance.

Authentic news of Farragut's success was a long time reaching New York, for it could be brought only by water. On May 8 The Tribune published the first Union account, the report having come indirectly by way of Havana.

Butler now took possession of the forts and the city and did for the latter what the men of the North and South did together for Havana at the close of the Spanish-American war. He cleaned up the city. Threatened with starvation and the pestilence of yellow fever, he relieved their distress and saved them from the plague. He ruled with a firmness that was opposed by the people in every conceivable way and was roundly abused for the character of some of his measures, both in the South and in Europe, but their fruits have been accepted as a justification. H. F. A.

RECONNOISSANCE OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP BELOW NEW ORLEANS BY SHIPS OF FARRAGUT'S FLEET.

On the left is shown Fort Jackson. Fort St. Philip was further up the river, on the right hand side. Above the barrier of boats and chains are to be seen Confederate gunboats. Before taking his fleet past the forts Farragut sent up vessels to cut the barrier. In the foreground are depicted some of Farragut's ships, the flagship Hartford leading.

(Reproduced from a contemporary issue of Harper's Weekly, by courtesy of the publishers.)

ADMIRAL DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT, U. S. N.

The Victory Narrated in This Article of The Tribune's Civil War Series Was Easily Achieved.

Cotton Manufacturer Who Favors Reciprocity

Bay State's Governor, Eugene N. Foss, Says It's the Only Way to Obtain New Markets.

By James B. Morrow.

THE clash of colors explained the man in part. Obviously the trivialities of dress are little in the mind of Eugene Noble Foss. His shoes were yellow, his hose black, his necktie green, his shirt brown and white, and his clothing blue, and shiny at that inside the legs, at the elbows and across the back.

The Governor of Massachusetts is a man of toil. Consistently he was attired as one. Leaving his home in Jamaica Plain at 7 o'clock in the morning, he walks to the State House in Boston, five miles away, for his health. This he does six days in the week, remaining at his office until after dark. Work has made him rich. He is in factories, elevated roads, stockyards, cotton mills and banks. Years ago he sold a patented device throughout the Middle West. His salary was nothing at first. Energy and salesmanship started him toward the millionaire class. He is the same Foss, primitively, at fifty-two that he was when a green and adventurous youth.

Commercial travellers ordinarily are up to snuff. Mankind to them is an open book; also dog-eared and thumbed by constant use. The Brahmins of scholarship, authorship and statesmanship may sneer at Foss, but Foss, roaring through the villages and up the valleys, leaves the dust of his wheels and his preachments behind. He is not selling anything now, but his processes are unchanged. More men wear overalls and jumpers than mortar boards and gowns. Any drummer on the road will say the same.

Picture a tall, thick man, having light gray eyes, brown hair, a flowing mustache, a small nose, a round face, and a prodigious chin, and you have Governor Foss in the vision of your mind as he sits in his office with the portrait of John Hancock in front of his desk. He came forward as I entered the room, in heartiness and frankness and without any show of the arrogance of success, either as a moneymaker or a chieftain in politics.

Party strategists are saying that the Democratic ticket of 1912 may be Harmon, of Ohio, and Foss, of Massachusetts. Politically, Foss may be described as a Foss man, in that he uses parties for a definite policy of his own. He was a Republican until recently; he still believes in the doctrine of protection, but is in office by the votes of Democrats. A strange mixture of currents, but consistent and beaming in the joy of his accomplishments, as well in his outlook and physical strength. When I had talked with him for an hour I was driven to ask: "Do any blue days ever come into your life?"

"My wife says not," he replied, calling in a witness whose testimony settled the case.

"The Payne-Aldrich law, you think, gives New England industries more protection than they need?" I said.

"I reply that it does, although I am a manufacturer of machinery and cotton goods and one of the beneficiaries of high protection. But I am not a free trader. I believe in reasonable protection to the industries that actually require it. The time is past, however, when the people of this country will consent to a tax on either food or clothing. In our eagerness for money and in our national vanity, we want to do everything and to make everything. That is one of our infirmities as a people. I have forges and machinery, but when I need a tool I send to a toolmaker. A blacksmith has no business to cut his own hair or make his own coat or shoes. We are the quickest and most inventive people on the globe, producing cheaply and well, and do not require prohibitive protection against the rest of mankind. Moreover, protection to such a degree permits aggregations of capital to control production and prices and make living unduly expensive.

"The manufacture of shoes is one of the greatest industries of New England. While protection to our shoes has never gone beyond 25 per cent, yet we are enabled to sell shoes in all parts of the world. Our workmen, meanwhile, are getting high wages. On the other hand, the tariff on some of the manufactures of cotton is so high that importations are impossible. On all cotton it is excessive. Yet the average wages of the cotton operatives at Fall River amount to only $7 50 a week, and to $8 52 a week at Lowell.

"Now, I am a cotton manufacturer myself. I have just built one of the most modern mills in the United States. Therefore, I speak from the book. We supply Europe with raw cotton. Only a small fraction of the cotton we raise is manufactured in this country. There are more spindles in a single county of England than there are in the whole of America. Mills in England can be built for 50 per cent less than similar mills would cost here. Manifestly there is something wrong with our cotton business. High protection, unreasonable protection, does not extend our trade nor increase the industry at home; that is evident.

"Americans have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in Canadian cotton mills and other manufactories. They have gone over the border and are earning dividends on their money, but Canadian workingmen are drawing the wages. Reciprocity would have stopped that outflow of capital and given employment to our own labor.

"While I am a protectionist, I realize that we must have new markets. The only way to obtain new markets is by means of reciprocity agreements not alone with Canada but with Great Britain, France, Germany and other nations, and free trade finally with Canada, South America, Central America and Mexico. We need the dyes and potash of Germany. Every country can sell us some things more cheaply than we can grow them or make them ourselves. Let us exchange the products we have for those we lack or can't produce economically. We shall grow richer and so shall our neighbors. Reciprocity is not a political question. It is a question of business, and is as logical as any trade principle that was ever established."

"You think that incomes ought to be taxed?" I said.

"I do. Our men of business should be just as patriotic as the business men of other countries. The people think that taxes are unfairly imposed. They are. I have taken up the question of taxation and hope to help change the laws of Massachusetts. The mechanic who earns $1 or $1 a day does not buy bonds or stocks. His savings are invested in a home, and the home is taxed to the limit. The man who owns bonds and shares escapes taxation usually, and the mechanic is fully aware of the fact. Good feeling does not result; good citizenship is not increased."

"In what other questions are you interested?"

"Principally in compensating men injured at work—in meeting the honest debt that society owes to those who supply it with the means and necessities of daily life. Then I shall employ all the influence I have to destroy the political boss. Consequently, I favor the nomination of public officers at party primaries and the recall of such officers if, after election, they are faithless or incompetent. The initiative and referendum are wholesome largely because they may be employed by the people to punish dishonesty or incapacity, and thus they are equivalent to a sort of police regulation in matters of legislation. Anyway, they put the lobbyist out of business."

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GOVERNOR EUGENE N. FOSS.

He Would Have Such Agreements Made Not Only with Canada but with All Other Lands.